



there were those among us who were bold and strong, believing that 'the arm of the Lord was not shortened that it could not save'—and that David-like, George Thompson was coming here, clothed not in Saul's armor of this world's steel, but in that of truth and righteousness, the very armor of the living God.

Such was the excitement of the city, that no suitable place could be found for an evening's lecture. For a time, it was doubtful if any place at all could be secured; and those who were really desirous of hearing Mr. Thompson, and had signed the invitation for his visit to this city, feared that, were it used, our Athenaeum Library and elegant Hall might be in ruins before the next day! At length, amid doubts and fears, this hall was obtained for the afternoon. And Monday, the 10th of March, 1851, in Corinthian Hall of the city of Rochester was exhibited the unexampled and extraordinary spectacle of the people of the city, assembled to listen to a literary lecture in broad daylight! My spirit burns with indignation, my very soul within me weeps, that a people so true on other great moral questions, should be so tamed, fettered and duped by the dark monster of American slavery! God help us!

The expectations of the audience were disappointed in consequence of the delay of the rail-road cars, and the indisposition of Mr. Thompson. Short addresses were given by two or three of the citizens—a notice given that Mr. Thompson would speak the next day, and the meeting dismissed. Tuesday, the 11th, a still larger number attended; and then we heard Mr. Thompson on British Reform. His excited Christian sentiments and consistent republican principles met a warm and generous response in the hearts of all present. This was a happy introduction to our Convention, which passed off most satisfactorily.

By a singular coincidence, about this time, the celebrated Dr. SAMUEL H. COX made his appearance in this city, to lecture before the Athenaeum, fresh from the Union Safety Celebration, in honor of Senator Foot, and delivered his lecture before the Athenaeum, after Mr. Thompson had twice or thrice addressed a Rochester audience. The adversaries of freedom, in their own estimation, par excellence the friends of the Union, feeling that they needed help in this great emergency, lest this 'foreign emissary' should rend the Union in tatters, invited the Doctor to address the citizens, as a counterpoise, upon the value of the Union—whereupon the Doctor wisely declined, but foolishly enough addressed a long and characteristic letter to those who invited him, in which he had the *more courage* to assure them he did not 'pray for slavery,' though he thought the officiousness of John Bull quite intolerable upon the subject.

'Still the wonder grew.'

when, simultaneously with the publication of this letter in one of the daily papers of our city, in another daily journal appeared his celebrated letter of 1835, denouncing the Colonization Society as a 'hoax,' and 'slavery as always a sin against God'; and commanding this same George Thompson, when then, also, happened to be in this country, as a most efficient and useful advocate of human rights, 'doing good on a great scale.' The amazement of the people you can imagine, when these two epistles, the antipodes of each other, appeared. Even the Doctor himself appears to have had some misgivings as to his own personal identity; while the public at large, contemplating the two letters, and believing that though the same hand penned both, plainly saw that the noble soul which inspired the one of '35, dwells no more with the popular D. D. of '51.

To add to the singular chapter of incidents of the same week, great placards were seen on the public places, announcing another lecture by another Rev. gentleman, under the imposing title, '*The Parricides of the Republic*'—prepared evidently as a counter-buff to the efforts of Mr. Thompson. Notwithstanding this paper was heralded approvingly by two of our daily papers, and was delivered in the same attractive hall, only a very small audience assembled to witness this *duo de fe* of the 'Parricides,' which shows that, after all, the heart of this people does beat more in union with those who plead for the wronged and outraged slaves, than with their enemies. This lecture was emphatically a denunciation of the 'denouncers,' as we are habitually termed, and the English language was tested to its utmost in the use of all the epithets of vituperation against the men of peace and liberty, contrasting vividly and impressively with the whole style, matter and manner of Mr. Thompson in his previous efforts, and was felt to be a most eloquent commentary upon the spirit that actuates the two parties in this great controversy. It seemed but to throw light, by its deep shade, upon the cause of freedom.

After these two displays of 'patriotism,' Mr. Thompson again took the field, to the admiration of listening thousands—triumphantly vindicating the right of free discussion, which, for the first time in this city, has been seriously invaded by the various articles that appeared, from time to time, in our public press.

The Convention was over. The lectures on India had been heard. So changed was public opinion, and such the happy impression produced, that it was thought not unsafe to allow Mr. Thompson the Hall for an anti-slavery address on Sunday evening! The audience was splendid, both in point of numbers and character; and such was the enthusiasm, that hundreds had to leave for want of room. The services commenced by singing 'Old Hundred.' Reading of the Scriptures by Mr. T. Price was offered by the Rev. Mr. Ingrossell. Then Mr. Thompson addressed us upon 'Slavery, considered in a religious light.' The address was surpassingly grand and magnificent. It was universally acknowledged to be a master-piece of oratory. To us, anti-slavery friends, it seemed divinely inspired. To know the full effect, one should have seen his ever-varying countenance, now expressive of horror and disgust of the hideousness of slavery, now beaming with the most serene and elevated trust in God, now lit up by the smile of benevolence and hope; one should have witnessed those beautiful flashes kindled up by the inspiration of the moment; one should have heard the deep, spirit-thrilling tones of his wonderful voice.

The anti-slavery friends here feel that nothing in the history of Rochester has ever occurred so important as the advent of George Thompson. We regard it as a great moral triumph.

SALLY HOLLEY.

[We believe the writer of the above letter is a daughter of the late lamented MYRON HOLLEY.]—Ed.

ANOTHER WITNESS.

ROCKPORT, N. Y., March 24th, 1851.

FRIEND GARRISON:

George Thompson has probably spoken for the last time in this city. Corinthian Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, on Sunday evening, to listen to his farewell speech. There could not have been less than fifteen hundred present on that occasion. He was announced to speak on the religious aspects of slavery, and faithfully did he perform the task. Nothing was left untouched that was necessary to show how deeply the church is implicated in the guilt of American slavery. How I wish that Drs. Cox, Lord, Sharp, Dewey, and the rest of the pro-slavery clergy, could have been present, and heard every word that fell from his lips! His arguments were unanswerable, and his eloquence unsurpassable, for it even exceeded himself.

I should not trespass on your patience with one word, but from the strong desire to add my testimony to the long list of admirers of George Thompson.

Did the editor of that vile print, the *Advertiser*, expect that the lies which he had so diligently circulating, would so soon come back to 'plague the inventor'? How idle for all the press combined to try to prevent the 'Englishman' from uttering his convictions of duty! As well might the Hunker Advertiser and its Silver Grey allies interpose to

stop the thundering peals of Niagara, as to suppose they are capable of stifling the voice of him whose eloquence comes nearer that awful roar than any living man. The most signal rebuke that could have been administered to that editor was the crowded houses that have listened to Mr. Thompson's lectures and speeches. He made three powerful speeches before the Convention; has given three lectures on England and British India; and finally closed his labors here by giving the lecture, to the largest audience I have ever seen in this city, on Sunday evening. His closing remarks showed how highly he appreciated the citizens of Rochester for the kindness that he had every where received at their hands. He might well feel a little flattered with the audiences which have assembled, day and evening, for seven times: for they were larger than have met to hear the popular lectures given by the well known gentle- men, John P. Hale, Park Benjamin, G. P. R. James, R. W. Emerson, E. P. Whipple, Dr. Cox, &c. But, for any thing like a report of his speeches, it must depend upon himself; for I do not believe that any reporter could have kept his eyes off from the orator while he was delivering passages which electrified all present. I had long ago read his speeches, which made old Exeter Hall shake with his eloquence, and regarded him as one of the brightest intellects of the old world; but I must admit that my estimation of him was not large enough. But he has gone to kindle new fires, which will burn with the same heat as those he has left behind. 'Take him for all in all, those ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

Yours, A. C. W.

LETTER FROM MR. THOMPSON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 26th, 1851.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

Would that I had time to do justice to my feelings and convictions while I write you in reference to the late meetings at Rochester! The bell is ringing for the first session of the Convention, and I must leave the solitude of my chamber for the business of the anti-slavery meeting; and yet I cannot let another post go out, without bearing to you a me- morandum, however imperfect.

I bade adieu to the city of Rochester on Monday evening, accompanied by Mr. Hallowell, one of the trusty among the abolitionists. I slept at Buffalo, and yesterday came here; spending, on the way, one hour at the Falls. No more of the Falls. I felt them. Their image is before me. Their solemn anthem is ringing in my ears. I can never forget them.

I spoke seven times in Rochester; four of my addresses were on Slavery, two were on India, and one on British Reform. My last was on Sunday evening, when Corinthian Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by one of the most intelligent audiences I have ever addressed. The North Star of this week will contain some report of my speech, though I need not tell you that my notes do not, when printed, give a full representation of my speeches. I am much more indebted to the inspiration of the moment for any thing that moves my hearers, than to prepared notes or subsequent preparation for the press.

I have reason to speak well of Rochester. The citizens have nobly rebuked the papers which sought to mislead and pervert the public sentiment; or, worse, to create disturbance, riot and violence. Publicly, they have acted towards a stranger and a foreigner with a courtesy and a magnanimity worthy of any city in the world. I estimate the treatment I have received in Rochester the more highly, because it has been at the hands of persons who did not belong to the ranks of the abolitionists. I asked to be heard, and I was heard. In no town or city of England was I ever listened to with more attention. It was my desire to be heard by audiences composed of politicians and religionists of varying hues and sects. My desire was gratified to the utmost. I sought the opportunity of saying freely all I felt, thought, feared, hoped, desired and purposed, on the question of American slavery. I enjoyed that opportunity to the extent of my time and strength. I did not expect to be heard approvingly—still less to be cheered by overwhelming plaudits—and, least of all, to be surrounded by hundreds at the close of my lectures, anxious to grasp my hand, and to utter the fervent 'God bless you' in my ear. Yet such has been the case, as thousands in Rochester would testify. In private, the hospitality of the city has been extended to me without measure. Night after night, parties of fifty, sixty and seventy have met me, each one enunciating the rest in showing my tokens of confidence and affection. What can I say to each and all of these friends, but, 'God bless you'! O, I will believe in the triumph of the anti-slavery cause, while one who like me shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, is thus cherished by the citizens of America!

Will politicians and clergymen henceforth have no fear of the *taurus*? Will they see its triumphs, when preceded by a reviled and hated Englishman, and still remain unbelieving? God forbid!

But I am called away, and can add no more at present.

God bless you, also, my beloved brother! I have met with many who know you not, and therefore feel coldly towards you. What you would have done by your radiant presence, I have, with a brother's heart, humbly tried to do, and not in vain. Continue to believe me, as when I gave you my pledge in 1835,

Your steadfast friend,

GEO. THOMPSON.

[In the absence of our attentive correspondent, Mr. G. W. PUTNAM, from the Lockport Convention, we are indebted to a friend who was present for the following interesting report of its proceedings.]

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT LOCKPORT.

This Convention commenced its sessions on Wednesday, the 26th ult., at 10 A. M., in the church of the Rev. Mr. Dox, (Lutheran.) Lockport is also the scene of the ministrations of Rev. Wm. C. Wiener, another minister of the Lutheran denomination, who has recently published an admirable review of the Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, in favor of the AMERICAN HUMAN GAME LAW.—A Sermon that has been infamized by the patronage bestowed upon it by the Henry-Long-catching-Committee of New York, and the Congress of the United States, whose members have sought to earn their eight dollars a day, by franking pro-slavery documents to all parts of the country.

Mr. Thompson arrived in Lockport, from Rochester, by way of Buffalo and the Falls, on Tuesday evening, and in the evening lectured before the Young Men's Association, to one of the largest audiences ever convened by that body.

The Convention, on Wednesday morning, chose Mr. Price, formerly of Connecticut, for President. Mr. S. S. Foster was the first speaker, and delivered an able address on the duties of the friends of the cause in the present crisis. He was followed by Mrs. A. K. Foster, who spoke with her usual ability, and moved the appointment of a Finance Committee, to obtain contributions in aid of the American Anti-Slavery Society. This was objected to by a member, on account of the difference of opinion respecting the claims of that Society and other organizations. This brought upon the floor the English visitor, Mr. George Thompson. This gentleman having expressed the great pleasure he felt in being present at the Convention, proceeded to review, the career of the American Society, from its rise in 1833, until the day of our meeting. He stated, that sixteen years ago, he had had the honor of being appointed the unpaid agent of the body brought into existence through the instrumentality of W. L. Garrison. From that period he had watched its course, and was prepared to affirm, that no Society had ever more faithfully acted

up to its Constitution, or more religiously redeemed the pledges given on its behalf at its birth. Where he had left it in 1833, he had found it in 1850. All around might be seen the wrecks of other organizations, which had been brought into existence by the spirit of rivalry, opposition or hostility; but there stood the American Society—its declaration of sentiments (that noble document) the same; its great distinctive principles the same; its great and glorious object still the same; with the same broad, catholic, unsectarian, world-wide platform; and, thanks to their undying steadfastness, and the care of God, with many of the same glorious men and women upon it, with whom it had been its privilege to work for years gone past. Nobly had that Society redeemed the promise of its infancy, and he (Mr. Thompson) believed it was the organization ordained yet to be the main instrumentality for ridding America of slavery.

I cannot (continued Mr. Thompson) conceive of an abolitionist in this country, who is not, whether he calls himself one or not, a part of the American Anti-Slavery Society; for that Society embodies in its Declaration and Constitution whatever goes to make up real abolitionism. As well might a man say, 'I am a Presbyterian, or I am a Baptist, or I am a Methodist, but I am not a Christian.' What is a Baptist without Christianity? And what is a Liberty Party man, a Free Soiler, a Seward Whig, or a Buffalo Convention Abolitionist, destitute of the sentiments, the principles, and the soul of an American Society Abolitionist? If an honest abolitionist at all; if worthy of that noble name; if doing any thing on right grounds to advance the overthrow of slavery, he must necessarily be an abolitionist who has come in at the wicket gate of the American Society. A person might as well say, 'I will be a man, but I will have but one arm, or one eye,' or, 'I will dispense with my heart, my lungs, or my brain,' as to say, I will be an abolitionist, and at the same time be less than what the Constitution of the American Society requires him to be. Tell me what less you desire to be in this cause, than what that Society would have you to be, and I will tell you precisely what you lack to enable you to come up to the standard of a genuine and perfect abolitionist.

It may be well for us, on a solemn occasion like this, to look at the mighty, the gigantic, the sublime work we propose to accomplish. If we would outgrow our own dwarfish dimensions—our narrow and unworthy sectarian and party prejudices—we should spend our time in surveying the stupendous objects we are aiming to achieve. There is nothing little connected with this cause but we are. We are straitened—not in the cause, but in our own bowels. There is grandeur even in the guilt of slavery. There is a gloomy sublimity about this huge blood-cemented structure. Try to measure its circumference, and you will fail. Drop the line into the fathomless abyss, and you will draw it up again, exclaiming, 'O the depths!' Try to sum up its groans, and tears, and agonies; and arithmetic, and language, and fancy will halt and faint in the effort. Take one human heart, and, if you can, count the tortured fibres of that piece of quivering mechanism; then try to grasp the aggregate of three millions of such hearts, wrung by the thrice accursed system of slavery. Tell me where slavery is not, in its malevolent influences and direful results. Shall I ascend up into heaven? Heaven is all amazement and horror at the spectacle. Shall I descend into hell? Hell is all amazement and horror at the spectacle. Shall I look down into the fathomless abyss? There is grandeur even in the guilt of slavery. There is a gloomy sublimity about this huge blood-cemented structure. Try to measure its circumference, and you will fail. Drop the line into the fathomless abyss, and you will draw it up again, exclaiming, 'O the depths!' Try to sum up its groans, and tears, and agonies; and arithmetic, and language, and fancy will halt and faint in the effort. 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BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1851.

## LET MASSACHUSETTS SPEAK!

It will be seen that Boston has been substituted for Weymouth as the place for holding the State Convention, on Tuesday next, in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. The change is a judicious one. The Heart of the Commonwealth is sound on this subject, and needs no special attention. But Boston is the head-quarters of Mammon, Cotonocracy, and Pro-Slavery. Here, therefore, is the place for a popular moral demonstration, such as the State can make, and such as Boston will feel. Every part of the Commonwealth should be emulous to be represented on the occasion as strongly as possible. No one should say, 'My presence will be of no consequence,' but, as far as he lies, each one should resolve to be present. The power of the Convention, it is true, will depend upon its moral position and tone, more than upon numbers; and yet the times demand a numerical gathering such as has been seldom witnessed. We do not like the cautious, timid phrasology of the Call, and trust it is not to be taken as a sample of the spirit of the Convention. It would be far better to hold no meeting than to come together in a calculating and perfidious spirit. The Fugitive Slave Bill is unconstitutional, immoral, barbarous, and diabolical, and must not be obeyed, but resisted and thwarted in every feasible manner. Such should be the declaration of the Convention. There must be no vacillation about the modification of the Law: its repeal must be demanded in thunder-tones.

At quarter past 12 o'clock, adjourned to 1-1/2 o'clock, P. M.

## CONVENTION AT WEYMOUTH.

On Sunday last, (March 30,) an anti-slavery Convention, of a most encouraging character, was held in the ancient town of Weymouth, the use of the Universalist meeting-house being granted for the occasion. The meeting was held at 10 o'clock, A. M., and Elias Richards of Weymouth was chosen President, and Samuel May, Jr., of Boston, Secretary.

Passages from Scripture, having been read, and prayer offered, Mr. May addressed the meeting in some remarks showing the heathen and atheistic position of the United States Government and People. Edmund Quincy of Dedham next addressed the meeting in an able speech, in the course of which he reviewed the late speech of Daniel Webster at Annapolis, Maryland, particularly contrasting the soft, honeyed, conciliatory strains in which Mr. Webster speaks of the South, Carolina traitors and nullifiers, and the bitter and sneering tone in which he turns to denounce the men and women of the North, who are seeking the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

At quarter past 12 o'clock, adjourned to 1-1/2 o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon. The meeting was opened with the singing of a hymn by a large and practised choir. After which, Parker Pillsbury offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That if ever 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,' it is when tyrants usurp the authority of God, and seek to hold dominion over the individual conscience of the people.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is a bold and daring outrage on the laws of Nature and Nature's God, commanding, under pains and penalties, what is positively wrong and sinful, and forbidding the practice of those virtues on which God has hung the salvation of the world. And since it is unconstitutional as it is accursed, it is the right, as well as the duty of the people, to tread it under their feet, and to hold those who execute it as the very archangels of tyranny and cruelty.

Resolved, That the recent peaceful deliverance of the fugitive Shadrach out of the hands of his ruffian persecutors, is a cause for high and just congratulation among the friends of freedom on earth, at the same time that we believe there is joy in heaven among the angels of God, over any one slave that escaped.

Resolved, That though we have a Free Soil Party, we have no Free Soil—no spot where the slave can stand, secure from the claim of his master.

Resolved, That the Free Soil Legislature of Massachusetts is silent on the subject of slaveholding and slave-hunting, at a time when, most emphatically, 'silence is crime'; is silent while in other States law has been enacted to protect citizens, and strangers, even from the prowling kidnapper; is silent when outrages are perpetrated beneath the very dropping of the political sanctuary where it is sitting, which should waken echoes of horror from the chambers of the dead; is silent, until it has proved itself unworthy to succeed in the Senatorial election, and incapable of profiting by any advantage which success might seem to give.

Resolved, That a religion represented by Professor Stuart of Andover, or Dr. Taylor of New Haven, Dr. Sharp or Wm. M. Rogers of Boston, or Dr. Dewey of New York, or a religion that does not hold and treat these men as 'heathen men and publicans,' whose conversion to Christianity is to be sought with all the fidelity and solicitude we should feel for the most benighted pagan or blasphemous atheist, is a religion to be feared and dreaded more than all the unbelief of Judaism, the superstition of Catholicism, or the idolatries and abominations of the whole pagan world; and a millennium of that religion among the nations would inflict upon them all the terrors of the second death.

Resolved, That though we have a Free Soil Party, we are to suppose, working out his salvation with fear and trembling; and shall not a man be allowed to do that?

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For the Liberator.

## A LAMENT.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

Mourful and low, I wake my humble lyre,  
No themes of joy its trembling chords inspire;  
It breathes a sad and a heart-sick'ning wail  
For thee, my country! thee, my native vale.

Deeper and deeper grows the with'ring brand  
Cast on my own, my loved, my native land;  
Alas! Columbia! that the blush of shame  
Mantles my cheek at mention of thy name.

Soft are thy vales, and sunny are thy leas,  
Broad are thy lakes, and boundless are thy seas,  
Beneath whose ever glancing, gleaming waves,  
Lie sparkling gems, hid in bright coral gales.

Thy snow-capped mountains, upward towering, raise  
Their hoary heads, until they kiss the skies;  
Majestic forests wave their boughs of green,  
With fertile plains, and prairies wide between.

And warbling birds, of bright and varied hue,  
Flit through our groves, or skim heaven's other blue,  
And flowers are springing; in each glen and glade,  
Whose penciled beauty, say their light and shade.

So softly blent, borrowed, their changing dye  
From God's own hand, they heavenward lift their eye,  
Drink from the morning dew, and sweets inhale  
From each pure ray of light, each genial gale.

Thou land of poesy! thou land of song!  
Fain would my lyre the notes of praise prolong;  
But on mine ear, borne each passing breeze,  
Comes a low wail, that doth my spirit freeze.

List! 'Tis a suppliant brother's mournful cry,  
"Lend us thy aid, for, lo! we pine and die!"  
Alas—alas! ye coldly on them frown,  
And help to hunt the broken-hearted down.

Haste thou, O Father, haste the happy day,  
When freedom o'er our land shall hold its sway!

Then shall our cheeks no longer blush with shame,  
But proud we'll hail Columbia's cherished name.

Fairhaven, 3d mo. 1851.

For the Liberator.

## LINES TO A SILVER GREY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNYAN.

When Lovejoy's blood for vengeance cried,  
When Torrey in a prison died.

When Hoar fled from the South,  
When Walker, with his branded hands,  
Thrilled with his tale the whole North-land.

Who gagged the Nation's mouth?

Now, when a negro strives to gain  
His liberty, and breaks his chain,  
Then Fillmore runs a race.

Our hill and vale the negro steals,  
'Cass, with the Senate at his heels.'

While GRAY-HOUNDS join the chase.

Proclaim thy message to the sea,  
To waves that fear thee much as we,

Who claim to be free-born—  
Then, like the Persian, strive to chain  
The free waves of the mocking main—

As ocean-full of scorn.

The lightning, with its wings of fire,  
Sped with thy threatenings o'er the wire,

And the electric shock

Stirred up the blood of gallant men,

From far-west to the land of Penn,

And shore-washed Plymouth Rock.

The trapper on the prairie free,

The sailor on the bounding sea,

The teamster whistling by,

The miner in the golden land,

The fisher on the silver strand,

The dogs of war defy.

From far, and plough, and wheel, and loom,

Comes up a curse that seals thy doom,

And numbers all thy days.

They friends, like Judas, will betray,

'For Judas was a silver grey,'

And they are silver grays.

## THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

BY AUGUSTUS DEGANNE.

God bless the Heart of the People! It meaneth  
Eternally well—and hathet all wrong—

And ever to goodness and nobleness leaneth,

And marmureth not, though so long

It hath suffered from shackles and thong.

'Tis the Heart of the people first throbeth indignant,

When despots would rive our feters assure,

And fronts with boldness the tyrant malignant,

And swells, till, with glorious burst,

Out gushes the flame it hath burned.

'Tis the Heart of the People, with mighty oration,

Flings chapter of fame in the patriot's path,

Or grapples with Fraud on his mountainous station,

And sheweth what terrors it hath,

When Wrong shall awaken its wrath!

'Tis the Heart of the People, that lovingly weepeth,

When famishing nations cry wildly for bread—

And forth from that Heart how its sympathy leapeth,

Till banquets for hunger are spread,

And the living arise from the dead!

Then God bless the Heart of the People, and arm it

With boldness, and goodness, and vigor, and light,

Till Force shall not frighten—till Fraud shall not

charm it.

And, crushed by the snows of Right,

Shall crumble the pillars of Might!

## DARE AND DO.

Dare to think, though bigots frown,

Dare in words your thoughts express,

Dare to rise when you fall down,

Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart,

Dare the priceless pearl possess,

Dare to wear it next your heart,

Dare, when sinners curse to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,

Dare to walk in wisdom's way,

Dare to give where gifts belong,

Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,

Do what reason says is best,

Do with willing mind and might,

Do your duty, and be blest.

## SONNET.

You should not speak to think, nor think to speak;

But words and thoughts should of themselves outswell

From inner fulness; cheek and heart should swell

Than idly prattle; better in leisure sleek

Lie fallen-minded, than a brain compel

To wasting plenty that hath yielded well,

—Or strive to crop a soil too thin and bleak.

One true thought, from the deepest heart upspringing,

May from within a whole life fertilize;

One true word, like the lightning sudden gleaming,

May rend the might of a whole world of lie.

Much speech, much thought, may often be but seeming,

But in one Truth might boundless ever lie.

## Miscellaneous.

## ANTI-COLONIZATION MEETING.

At a meeting of the colored citizens of Boston, Rev. Mr. Sanford in the chair, R. Simpson, Secretary, held at the May street Church, March 14th, for the purpose of considering the Colonization Scheme, Mr. Thomas Paul Smith, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were accepted—

It is next in importance. Our 2000 families consume at least two and a half tons of coal each year, making 4500 tons. At least two-thirds of these 2000 families buy their coal by the bushel or peck, thereby paying two dollars per ton more than the market price, which is a sacrifice of \$6000 per year. Then, if these 2000 families combined to buy their own coal at the wharf, they could save, by purchasing cargoes, one dollar on each ton consumed, which is \$10,000. Allowing the hire of a coal yard at \$800 per year, and the pay of two good clerks at \$800 each, there would be a clear gain of \$800 in the single matter of coal, if we would thoroughly organize in this manner.

By similar calculations, it can be shown that we could easily save \$20,000 on groceries and food, and \$10,000 on wearing apparel; besides setting up in successful and commanding business, such men as are capable, intelligent and trustworthy.

Resolved, That considering this country sufficiently large for our accommodation, its soil perfectly productive to our sustenance, its climate perfectly agreeable to our constitutions, its citizens our brethren and fellow-countrymen, and, in short, having no particular fault to find with our country, save in respect to some of its customs, institutions and laws, which it is our duty and determination to rectify with speed; therefore we have decided to remain here, and under all circumstances, to cling to the land sanctified by the blood of our fathers; and in this, upon this soil, beneath the flag of stars and stripes, to contend, in solemn, constant, never-ceasing battle for the freedom from all manner of oppression of three millions of our brethren in Southern slavery; that until they are free, we will not think of leaving, and when they are free, we will stay to enjoy with them the land their labor and blood have enriched, and with them to sing loud the song of jubilee for the victory which God has achieved.

Resolved, That as we understand that a long train of oppressors and dough-faces, with Henry Clay at their head—our inveterate enemies in fact, but by pretence our well-wishers—have organized and are organizing themselves, with hearts filled with hatred, prejudice, lust and robbery, with false banners floating over their ranks, with big lies issuing from their mouths, and true sons of Satan commanding their forces, for the purpose of seducing us to leave the land of our birth; to leave our brethren to suffer in eternal bondage; to leave the philanthropist to battle single-handed and alone, while we are fleeing, at their request and for their amusement, to the land of the crocodile, the burning sun, the fever, and of death, divine Liberia; therefore we hereby inform them, one and all, at once and forever, that despite soft words and oily logic, we see the base motte, we scorn the deceit and defy the power. That we further inform the National Colonization Society, its branches, aids and abettors, that when the free colored people want their services or advice, we will send them word by telegraph; previous to which time, any interference by them as societies or individuals, in our affairs, will be regarded by us as undesirable, uncalled for, and extremely obnoxious, and will receive our stern rebuke.

These resolutions were supported by Messrs. T. P. Smith, Lewis Hayden, J. Johnson, and several others. The meeting adjourned at a late hour, to meet at the Bethel Church on the next Friday evening, at which time, a crowded house testified to the interest felt by the people in this matter. Speeches were made by R. Morris, Esq., T. P. Smith, Wm. J. Watkins, and others. All were loudly applauded, and the resolutions were passed, with much enthusiasm; after which, was voted to publish the same in all friendly papers.

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